*Ed.* Lo heere a period of tumultuous broiles,
Away with *Oxford*, to *Hames* Caſtle ſtraight,
For *Summerſet*, off with his guiltie head:
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.
*Ox.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with wordes.
*Exit Oxford.*
*Som.* Nor I, but ſtoope with patience to my death.
*Exit Sommerſet.*
*Ed* Now *Edward*, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?
*Prince.* Speake like a ſubiect, proud ambitious *Yorke*,
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire: and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whileſt I propoſe the ſelfe ſame woords to thee,
Which traiuour thou wouldſt haue me anſware to.
*Quee.* Oh that thy father had bin ſo reſolu'd.
*Glo.* That you might ſtill haue kept your petticoate,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from *Lancaſter*.
*Prince.* Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His currifh Riddles ſorte not with this place.
*Glo.* By heauen, brat Ile plague you for that word.
*Quee.* I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.
*Glo.* For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.
*Prince.* Nay take away this ſcolding Crookbacke rather.
*Ed.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.
*Cla.* Vntutered Lad, thou art to malapert.
*Prince.* I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull,
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſhapen *Dick*, I tell you all,
I am your better, traitours as you be.
*Ed.* Take that, the lightnes of this rayler heere.
*Quee.* Oh kill me too.
*Glo.* Marrie and ſhall. (die.
*Ed* Hold *Richard*, hold, for we haue done to much alrea
*Glo.* Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the worlde with words.
*Ed.* What doth ſhe ſwound? make meanes for her recoue-
*Glo.* *Clarence*, excuſe me to the King my brother, (rie.
I muſt to London, on a ſerious matter,

Ere



Ere you come there, you ſhall
*Cla.* About what, prethee t
*Glo.* The Tower man, the

*Queene.* Ah *Ned*, ſpeake to thy
Ah thou canſt not ſpeake,
Traitours, Tyrants, blouddie
They that ſtabd *Cæſar* ſhed n
For he was a man, this in reſp
And men nere ſpend their fur
Whats worſe then tirant, that
You haue no children Deuells
The thought of them, would
But if you euer hope to haue
Looke in his youth to haue hi
As traitours you haue done t
*Ed.* Away, and beare her
*Quee.* Nay, nere beare me
Heere ſheath thy ſword, Ile p
Wilt thou not?
Then *Clarence*, do thou do it,
*Cla.* By heauen I would no
*Quee.* Good *Clarence* do, ſ
*Cla.* Didſt not thou heare
*Quee.* I, but thou vſeſt to fo
Twas ſinne before, but now
Wheres the Diuells butcher?
*Richard* where art thou?
He is not heere, Murder is hi
Petitioners for bloud, he ner
*Ed.* Away I ſaie, and take
*Quee.* So come to you an

*Edw. Clarence*, whithers
*Cla.* Marrie my Lord to
To make a bloudie ſu pper
*Ed.* He is ſuddaine, if a thi
Well, diſcharge the commo